ERIE COUNY GIANTS.

Skeletons of Men Ten Feet High Found in a Cave.

Philadelphia Times.

"Why, this man was ten or twelve feet high!"

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed farmer Porter in astonishment. The first speaker, who has won local distinction as a scientist, reiterated his assertion.

J. H. Porter has a farm near Northeast, not many miles from where the Lake Shore railroad crosses the New York state boundary line. Early this week some workmen in Mr. Porter's employ came upon the entrance to a cave nd on entering it found heaps of human bones within. Many skeletons were complete and specimens of the find were br ught out and exhibited to the naturalisos and archæologists of the neighborhotod. They informed the wondering bystanders that the remains were unmistakably those of giants.

The entire village of Northeast was aroused by the discovery, and to-day hundreds of people from this city took advantage of their holiday to visit the scene. It was at first conjectured that the remains were those of soldiers killed in battle with the Indians that abounded in the vicinity during the last century, but the size of the skulls and length of the leg bones dispelled that theory. So far about 150 giant skeletons of powerful proportions have been exhumed and indications point to a second cave eastward, which may probably contain as many mo e. Scientists who have exhumed skeletons and made careful measurements of the bones say that they are the remains of a race of gigantic creatures, compared with which our tallest men would appear as pygmies. There are no arrow heads, stone hatchets or other implements of war with the bodies. Some of the bones are on exhibition at the various stores. One is as thick as a good-sized bucket.

THE FOURTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

An Old Farmer in West Virginia Discovers That They are a Blessing.

St. Albans, W. Va., June 15.—One of the numerous Billy Wilsons of America lives at St. Albans, W. Va. A parson of that place, having learned that Billy had a locust theory of some interest, determined to interview him and write out the theory. He found Billy at home by a warm fire and in a genial mood. He had a large, well-formed head, and facial lines that indicate natural wit. He looked like a man such as an intelligent leader of a doubtful expedition would keep near him for the benefit of practical observations.

"Friend William," said the parson, "I understand that you have some theory about the fourteen-year locusts, and I wish to write it up for your favorite paper, the *Sun*, and hope you will give it to me."

"Well, parson, did you never take any notice of the locusts yourself?"

"Yes, I have observed that the squirrels fatten on them, and become delightful eating; that the chickens lay eggs so fast while they are in existence that the shells do not form with sufficient thickness to preserve them, and—but I shall soon make the impression on you that I am given to the habit imputed to preachers, of thinking too much about something good to eat. I had better remember that I am interviewing you."

"It is curious, parson, to see the locust splitting the bark on a young twig. Two little knife-like things are thrown out behind, and, as the insect moves along, they cut a furrow in the bark that does not close up. Between the cutters the egg depositor works, dropping the eggs into the groove with more neatness than the best corn planter places the seed in the furrow. The groove is never on top, but either under or on the side of the twig, which soon dies and falls to the ground. Here, as you can easily see, is the first benefit the forest gets from the locust, a cutting back that all trees must have to perfect their fruit, enlarge the growth of their trunks, and keep them from overshadowing one another. But it is after the locust gets to the ground that he puts in his best work for the trees. I have seen them dug up twenty feet nuder the surface. I think he continues to go down until he strikes water, rock or hard pan. When we remember that there are at least half a dozen to the square foot of surface we can see how much the ground is loosened and prepared for the roots of the trees by this little insect. And then think how the soil is prepared to absorb the moisture necessary for the growth of the trees. But let us go a step further. I suppose the hole a locust makes in coming out of the ground is at least a square inch. When we recollect how innumerable the holes are, and their depth, I think we can see what became of the waters in former years that now dash into the river channels and give us such high floods. Cutting away the forests contracts the work of the locust, and the subsoil is not in a condition to take up the water."

"Why, my friend, you make a big thing out of the locust."

"Why, parson, when we take in all you have said about fattening everything that will eat him, the fact that he eats nothing above ground himself, and all that is reasonable in what I have just said, he must be called the most unmitigated blessing God gives us. Parson, what do the scientific men call the 14-year locust?"

"Properly speaking, they are not locusts, but cicada. The Kansas people are right when they call their big red-legged grasshopper a locust."

"Was it that grasshopper that John the Baptist ate?"

"Yes, 'twas a species of that genus."

A War Reminiscence.

A rather interesting story of the war was told by Joseph R. Perry, at the national convention of soldiers, which was held in Indianapolis last summer; but, as the reports of the session were necessarily abridged, it escaped publication at the time.

"It was some time in the summer of 1861," Mr. Perry said, "that the 21st Ohio regiment was down in West Virginia, in the Kanawha region. The regiment was composed of men gathered up promiscuously in the Black swamp region of Ohio. There were one or two companies of gray-haired men, too old too bear arms, who had gone into the service to fight for a principle—not merely to put down the rebellion, but to emancipate the slave. They were very religious, and they would hold prayer-meetings at night. They would pray for the freedom of the slaves, and that the negroes might have equal rights with the white people. Their prayers were very interesting to us young fellows who would go there to listen to them, because they were asking for something more than the issue of the war promised at that time, but everything that these old fellows asked in their prayers came about afterwards, and it is out of those results that this incident I'm telling you about came to a conclusion. We camped one day near a little town called Red Bank, on the Kanawha and after our coffee had been prepared we found that we hadn't a spoonful of sugar in camp. There were a lot of negro cabins over on the hillside opposite our camp, and I agreed to go over and try to get some sugar from the negroes. There was about thirteen cents in money in the whole camp, but I took that and started over with a tin can to get the sugar, I entered one of the cabins and found a buxom negro woman with two little pickaninnies hanging to her linsey dress. They drew off into a corner of the cabin, half frightened when I went in, but I told them that they needn't be afraid; that I only wanted to get some sugar, and that I had the money to pay for it.'

"'I'se kindy feared o' you 'uns,' said the negro woman; 'mastah told me not to have anything to do with you Yankees, 'cause you'se gwine to take us off to Cuby and sell us to get money to carry on the wah.'

"'My good woman,' I said to her, giving her a little blarney, because I wanted the sugar, 'you don't understand what this war is about. We Yankees are fighting for you, and if this war comes out the way we want it to, you will be free, and you won't have any master, and will have all the rights that white people have. Your little boy there will be sent to school, and he will have just as good a chance to become governor of Virginia as any white boy.'

"'Fo' de Lord, you don't say so!' she exclaimed.

"I went on to tell her then about how the black people were just as good as the white, and how they would be benefited if we were victorious. Before I quit talking she brought out an old can and gave me what sugar I wanted. She didn't want to take the money, but I told her that she'd better, and she accepted it. It was only an incident of the day, and after I told the boys in camp how I got the sugar I thought no more about the matter. I had forgotten it entirely until about three years ago, when I was returning from the city hospital one night, when the car stopped for an old negro woman with a basket of clothes. I was sitting near the door, and helped her to lift the basket into the car. She sat down beside me, and remarked: 'Mighty cold to-night. Don't have any such cold weather down whar' my ole home is.'

"'Where was your ole home?' I inquired.

"'At the little town of Red Bank, down on the Kanawha river, in Wes' Virginia.

"'Did you live in a little cabin, with a well beside it, and opposite a big white house?' I asked of her.

"'Right dar was whar I lived.'

"'And do you remember when the Yankee soldiers camped over in the meadow, near your cabin?'

"''Deed I do sir. I remember that mighty well'

"'Do you remember a young soldier with a brass horn strapped to his shoulder and a small sword at his side, coming over to your cabin to buy some sugar?'

"'I should say I do. I remember dat young man mighty well. He spoke the first good words I ever heard said about the colored people. He told me that I was to be free, and that my little boy might be president some day. Why, he gave me thirteen cents. I kept that money every since for luck, and I've got it right here!' and the old woman drew from her bosom a small, dirty purse, from which she took the coins that I had given her twenty years before.

"' Do you think you would know that young fellow if you would ever see him again?'

"'Deed I would. 'I'd know that young nan the minute I set eyes on him.'

"'Well, auntie, I'm that young man.'

"'For de Lord's sake, honey!' she exclaimed, and threw her arms about me. It was doubtless a funny scene to the passengers in the car, but her demonstrations made it a little embarrassing and a trifle unpleasant for me. I learned afterwards that the woman's husband was a carpenter here in the city, and that they were moderately prosperous."

Why her Lover Enlisted

The mystery of George S. Carter's disappearance last September, says an Uxbridge, Mass., telegram to the New York *World*, has been cleared up by the publication of a little love story with a romantic sequel in which Carter figures as the live hero. Young Carter was engaged to a young lady here, and preparations had been mad e for the nuptials. On the evening of the second day before the appointed time young Carter drove to the home of his affianced and asked her to take a ride. She made some excuse for prefering to stay at home that evening, and Carter drove off alone in a sad and dejected frame of mind. He was not satisfied with her treatment of him, and this dissatisfaction was rather heightened an hour or so latter when he saw his young lady riding with another young man with whom he has not been on very good terms, and of whom he was rather jealous. He followed the young couple to know where they intended to go and learn how late they would remain together. He was satisfied that his betrothed was not true to him, and he drew his savings, amounting to $1.-000, from the bank and started for New York, where he enlisted in the regular army. His departure caused a sensation, and for a long time no one could tell the cause of Carter's departure nor his destination. At length a letter came from New Mexico telling his parents that their son was a soldier. He wrote again, asking their help in getting a discharge from the army, and his anxiety was no doubt increased when he learned that his parents had been left $30,000 by the death of a relative. The war secretary has not yet replied favorably and is rath er inclined to deny the petition on the ground that enlistments are very scarce.

An appetizing way to cook chicken is to cut it in pieces. as if you were to fricasee it; dip the pieces in beaten egg and then in fine bread crumbs, seasoned with pepper and salt, and a little very fine sage if you like that; put them in the dripping pan, and a little water in the pan; bake slowly till done. Make a rich gravy in the dripping pan after you take the chicken out.

THE MIND-CURE CRAZE.

Mrs. Eddy's Revelation and the New Faith Following It.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

Boston, Mass., May 20.—The new science of mental healing—for nothing that originates in Boston is less than a science or art—has gained such multitudes of followers within a few months that its missionaries are sure to begin practicing and teaching the principles outside New England. The press of the country has found occasion to make frequent sharp paragraphs about "Boston's mind-cure craze," but it is a long time since any local paper has been so indiscreet as to cast aluring allusions upon the pathology. Absurd and idiotic as some of the ideas advanced by the prophets of the system are the movement has far outgrown the limits of a popular but temporary craze. Its "wonderful cures" have been so persistently proclaimed that a large proportion of average Bostonians are willing at least to admit that "there is something in it." Hundreds claim to have been benefited in varying degrees by mind-cure treatments. Many such become themselves "healers," and thus the new idea has spread. Just now the religious features of the new departure more prominently engross public attention, and clergymen of all denominations are seriously considering how to deal with what they regard as the most dangerous innovation that has threatened the Christian Church in this region for many years. Scores of the most valued church members are joining the Christian Scientist branch of the metaphysical organization and it has thus far been impossible to check the defection. It is a movement far-reaching in its influence and including many thousands among its sympathizers whose ordinary intelligence entitles respect for their judgment. A study, therefore, of some of the details of the novel scheme is at once interesting and most fascinating.

SCENE IN A BOSTON PARLOR.

Here is a familiar Boston parlor scene: Two ladies sit a little way apart in Quaker meeting silence for perhaps twen.y minutes. The face of one is as hotly flushed as if she had been indulging in violent exercise, physical instead of mental. Externally this is all that constitutes a mind cure treatment to which hundreds hereabouts are daily submitting. The fundamental idea that underlies the whole system is that there is no such thing as sickness. Disease, they say, is an error of the mind, the result of fear. This startling hypothesis entails some very strange and absurd conclusions. The leader of one of the factions, for there are several in sharp rivalry one with another, gives these instructions for healing: "Reason in your mind that God made everything good. He is not the author of disease. Therefore, as disease is not a creation, it does not exist, but is merely a delusion of the mind, the effect of fear. Fear is faith inverted and perverted. You are to gain the confidence of your patient; make him tell you the cause of what he thinks is his disease, but with your clearer mind you see that it is not sickness at all, but an error in his mind. You attain the power of healing by dwelling mentally upon the truth and wisdom of God, and thus the faith of the healer meeting the fear of the patient, produces a chemical change in the fluids of the system which results in health." Many invalids are naturally willing to accept this or any other sophistry in explanation of cures if they themselves are physically benefited.

MODIFYING TEACHERS' IDEAS.

But among the intelligent people in every-day life who have studied the mind-cure theories and to a greater or less extent are testing them, the ideas of the teachers are very much modified. Indeed, hardly any two have just the same conception of the "science." One lady believes that to be a consistent healer one must be a Universalist. Another insists that the minds of her patients shall be made entirely free from guile, and accordingly asks for a full statement of their lives. Many persons who study the system renounce all religious and all superstitious ideas in connection with it, but recognize the physical phenomena which they do not attempt to explain, and practice the art as successfully as any. A lady in Hyde Park who takes this position says she finds herself possessed of a power over many serious ills which she hardly knows how to use. She says she prays earnestly, and the ailment of the sufferer seems to be transferred to herself. Then she is able easy to throw it off. She does not know whether to call it mind-cure, faith-cure or magnetism. Some operators say they use no will-power, but simply keep in their minds an image of perfect health, and let God or the Truth work through them. Others exert the will intensely to drag out the disease, as it were, by main force.

CURIOUS IDEAS.

To be consistent, the leading mind-cure theorists have to maintain some very absurd ideas. Poisons, they say, would be harmless if fear of them were removed. Children, they explain, are affected because of unconcious hereditary fear. Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, leader of the Christian Scientist division of mental healers, claims that her husband, who died three or four years ago, was murdered by an enemy among the Scientists, who "thought arsenic into him." Some of these queer enthusiasts maintain that mental influence does not recognize distance, and that, therefore, the presence of the patient to be treated is not necessary. A lady in Hyde Park has an intimate friend in Sacramento, Cal., who, a few months ago, was given up by physicians to die of inflammatory rheumatism. It was arranged by mail that at 3 o'clock, Boston time, on certain days, the invalid should submit herself to the treatment of her distant friend. It is claimed that the improvement was immediate, and that within a month the patient was able to visit San Francisco with her husband. Another lady, in treating absent patients, put a doll in a chair upon which to fix her mind in lieu of the sick person. Most of the mental healers profess contempt for the laws of hygiene. They bid their patients eat what they please and act as they please. Mrs. Eddy, however, makes the proviso that they must be of strong faith that what they eat and do will not hurt them.

THE RESULTS ACHIEVED BY FAITH.

Under this head the correspondent, gives numerous cases of so-called cures for which we have not space. He also tells that there are fraudulent mind doctors.

A RELIGIOUS CRAZE.

For several weeks past, as stated at the outset, the religious revolution involved in the new departure has overshadowed the consideration of the physical phenomena in the public mind. The theological innovations are confined to the creed of the Christian Scientists, who constitute the largest division of the mind-cure host. They make the principles of a new religion indispnsable in their theories of mental heeling. They are lead by Mrs. Eddy, the high priestess of the whole movement. She claims to be be the founder of the science though rivals deny it, and her account of the Divine origin of the faith is worth mentioning. In 1880, according to her story, she fell accidently upon the sidewalk and suffered spinal injury and paralysis, which physicians declared would result fatally in a few hours. Her pastor called to see her just before the end was apparently at hand, and offered her consolation. She begged him to return in the afternoon, but no one believed she would then be living. By revelation from Heaven at that time God's actual relation toward her and toward the human race was made clear, and she realized that her disease was but an error, which, when supplanted by the truth, would disappear. By the light of her new knowledge she brought herself, through mental process, into a proper attitude toward Jehovah, and when the clergyman called a few hours later, expecting to comfort her bereaved family, she met him at the door. Ever since, Mrs. Eddy says, she has had the power of healing others as she was herself healed. The creed which she has formulated as the basis of her new system is a peculiar theological mixture. But as Prof. Stacy Fowler recently said, in discussing the subject, "if they heal, people will not stop at a question of theology; if they heal, they will carry the day, and they ought to." Hence it is that Hawthorne Hall, where the Christian Scientists worship, is thronged for an hour before the time of service each Sunday. So eager are people to hear that after the standing room is all taken they crowd around outside the doors, where they catch only an occasional word or two. The service consists of ordinary devotional exercises preceeding a sermon by Mrs. Eddy. But the creed she teaches is so blindly and illogically presented, is so full of manifest inconsistencies that it would be an impossible task to describe it even in outline. "God is an infinite mind; matter is nothing. Personality is the embodiment of mind. Forgiveness of sin means destruction of sin"—these are ideas gained by listening to one of Mrs. Eddy's rambling talks.

MINISTERIAL OPINIONS.

The Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., a prominent Baptist clergyman who has studied the books of the Christian Scientists thoroughly and talked with all the leaders, pronounces their creed a mixture of Pantheism and Buddhism. The delusion, he says, is most insidious. The large use of the bible, the strenuous demand for holiness and self abnegation in the disciples, the results apparently effected in the minister to the sick—these are very powerful considerations for attracting converts. So hundreds of young ladies especially are drawn into the system, under the impression that they are getting some finer quality of Christianity. Dr. Gordon predicts that this is not the final issue. If the body is only a phantom, and the flesh only a shadow, by and by some very practical sinners will take refuge under the system, and insist that the sins of the body and the transgressions of the flesh are harmless, since they are only the phantom of a phantom, and the shadow of a shadow. Dr. Gordon regards the whole system as a sort of witch's cauldron, in which every conceivable heathen and Christian heresy is seething and simmering to produce the subtle essence called "mental medicine." On the other hand, the Rev. O. P. Gifford, another Baptist clergyman of equal standing; and several other prominent ministers, defend the Christian Scientists, and endorse much of their philosophy, while admitting that much more of it is unintelligible.

But the clergy, as a whole, now regard the subject with grave apprehension, and on all sides they are discussing the situation with great earnestness. They hardly know how to deal with the danger, for the sincerity of all infected with this new faith is undoubted, and any policy of opposition or denunciation serves only to increase their ardor. Scores of applications have been made to Evangelical churches of the Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Episcopal denominations for letters of d smissal to the Christian Scientists' Church. All these applications have been refused, but the c onverts to the new church nevertheless worship with those of the new creed. The public discussion of the new theology was began a few weeks ago by Rev. Joseph Cook, upon his Monday lectureship platform. He indorsed the views of Dr. Gordon, and denounced the Christian scientists unsparingly. Since then the subject has been discussed from week to week, at one or more of the conferences of ministers of the various denominations.

A petition was presented to the Board of Railroad Commissioners, June 13th, from Manhattan, signed by N. Green and 300 others, stating that the Manhattan and Northwestern Railroad Company was chartered in 1871, and that in 1879 it was re-organized as the Manhattan and Blue Valley Railroad Company, and constructed by the last named company from Manhattan up the Big Blue River to the town of Stockdale, Riley county, a distance of fifteen miles. Since that time the company has failed to equip and operate the same, and in consideration of the construction and operation of the said railroad, Riley county voted $140,000 bonds to the original company in 1871. The petition complains of the great inconvenience to the people living along the line of this railroad, on account of it not being operated, and asks that the company be required to place sufficient rolling stock upon said road that it may be operated.

All admit that small grains are highly injurious to orchards; timothy is much worse. It appropriates much of the rain, keeping it from the tree roots just when most needed, unless there is a surplus, and the nourishment that should go to the tree is appropriated by the grass roots. Under such circumstances the tree roots are always found near the surface. They have come there to get what they can of nourishment belonging to them, and which they could not find below. In a well-cultivated orchard the tree roots lie much deeper.—*Prairie Farmer.*